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The New Northwest.

The New Northwest
A Journal for the People.
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Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Life Issues, and Thoroughly
Radical in Opposing and Exposing the
Wrongs of the Masses.
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MRS. HARDINE'S WILL.

By ARTHUR S. DUNN, AUTHOR OF "THE BIRD," "THE HAPPY HOME," "MADGE ANDERSON," "WANT, FATE AND FANCY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

GOSPEL OF WOMANHOOD.

Night came on again, bringing with it a lowering storm. The last child was snugly stored away in its little bed, and there was no danger that Peter Tubbs would return for at least a day or two, and 'Liza was once more alone. An open fire smoldered on the blackened hearth, and an ominous death-watch worked ceaselessly in the shattered wall. She took a candle and went from bed to bed and from room to room to view her sleeping charges. Without, the rain fell in torrents, and within, the tumult of her feelings was almost overwhelming. She stooped and kissed each sleeper with a mother's passion—such a passion as the despair of death wrings from the lone survivor of a cruel fate.

"If I could only take you with me, darlings mine!" she wailed, at length, as, crouching before the trundle bed where the two youngest of her loved and helpless ones were slumbering, she bowed her head before the overshadowing darkness of an agony that was unutterable. She tried to pray, but could not. She was stupefied with despair. She was dumb before the appalling prospect of separation from the helpless bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh which had tied her fast by her heartstrings through all the weary years of her married life to a union that her very soul continually spurned with loathing.

For a long time she knelt thus in speechless agony. Then she arose and arrayed herself with a shabby shawl and battered bonnet, and turned for a last long, lingering look at her sleeping children. Again she knelt beside the trundle bed. Again she essayed to pray, and again her tongue was powerless to give her longings utterance. She closed her eyes and clasped her hands before her. Her very heart throbs ceased, and she relapsed into unconsciousness.

How long she remained in this condition she did not know; but when she recovered her senses the wild wind and rain had ceased, and through a crevice in the outer wall the gibbous moon was shining. The candle had burned to its socket. The work of the death-watch had ceased. She was shivering as if from an ague fit. Again she bowed her head and essayed to pray. She could not speak, but a strange calm grew suddenly upon her heart, and a strange light that did not seem to come from the moon, filled the shabby room with a peculiar crystalline radiance. She fixed her eyes upon vacancy, and while she gazed the gauzy light took form and substance, and a pair of kindly eyes beamed full upon her with a look of radiant peace.

"Mother Ingleton!" she exclaimed, aloud.

And then it seemed that her great trials all at once grew less, and she wondered much at her sudden happiness.

"Do nothing rashly, precious daughter. Wait, wait, wait!" exclaimed a voice, which broke upon the startled silence of the hour like the near by crack of doom.

The resolution that Mrs. Tubbs had nursed so strongly for a fortnight forsook her instantly. She reached forth her hands to clasp the filmy form from which the voice had seemed to emanate; but she clasped instead the empty air. The dying candle flickered for an instant and expired, leaving her alone with her children, the impression of that mysterious presence, and her own suddenly calm and strangely peaceful thoughts.

"What all this waiting is for, I certainly know not; but there is, there must be, overruling wisdom in it, else it would not be," she said, aloud. "I will be obedient to the heavenly vision. I will do nothing rashly. I will wait, wait, wait!"

ingly expected to come, that for once his wife had overruled her own desperate resolve, and had gone to work again at her old thankless task of keeping boarders for him and his hire.

He surveyed the situation with ill-disguised satisfaction, but mercifully abstained from open exultation.

In a little while he sought his legal adviser, Hardpan.

"Come over and board with us, Judge," he said. "You're welcome to free entertainment in my house as long as Court sits. If it hadn't been for you, she'd have got away with the whole concern."

"It's well indeed for men that there are salutary laws to restrain obstreperous women," said the Judge, as he rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Yes, you may well say it's well for the men," replied the not altogether happy husband; "but, after all, isn't it a little hard on the women?"

"Don't be a fool, Tubbs. Of course it would be hard on the women if they possessed the self-esteem and firmness that naturally belong to men. But with women it's different. They are weak-minded and irresolute. You never saw one of 'em yet that wouldn't squeal when you'd steal her chickens?"

"I wish I could take the view of matters that you do, Judge. But hang me if I believe I've served 'Liza exactly right. In spite of your logic, I can't help thinking that I'd feel better if I'd do by her as I'd want her to do by me."

"Then what the deuce are you croaking about? You brag one minute about your luck in bringin' her to terms, and the next you berate yourself like a self-condemned pirate over the whole business. I'd be a man or a mouse, if I were you, Pete. A man that can't rule his own household wisely and well oughtn't to have a family."

"It seems that you failed once upon a time to rule your household to your liking, Judge Hardpan."

Peter Tubbs had trodden purposely upon the Judge's tenderest corn.

"If I couldn't control, I could crush!" the Judge cried, savagely. "When my wife grew obstinate, I took a different method to subdue her from that I advised for you, because the two women were so decidedly different, don't you see?"

Peter Tubbs must have "seen," for he bowed his head in acquiescence.

"My wife," continued the Judge, "was a timid, shrinking little thing, and never worth a cent to take her own part except when her temper was up, and then, sometimes, she'd try me dreadfully. But she'd be gay enough when I wasn't 'round, so I'd bear; and ones, when I'd been off on a circuit for several months, some o' my chums came to me with stories that looked plausible on their face, which I was obliged to resent, or lose my dignity as a husband. Not that I ever believed any harm of the woman; but things looked bad. The neighbors were talking about her, and I couldn't afford to allow my honor to be doubted. My wife had to hold herself above suspicion, or abide the consequences. I accused her of marital infidelity. Why, Tubbs, you ought to have seen and heard her. I'd no idea there was so much grit in her. You never see a tiger robbed of her cuts cut half so many shins. She vowed that she'd leave me, and said she'd always hate me, and a great deal more on that strain; but, bless you, she'd never confess her guilt, nor anything bordering on it."

"Didn't you say you didn't believe her guilty?"

"Yes; but I didn't admit it to her! And when she got too sassy over it, in order to vindicate my conjugal honor and set myself right before the public, I just packed her trunk and traps and set 'em outdoors, and when the stage came along, I had 'em put her aboard and ship her back to her people."

"And the children?"

"I kept 'em, you bet!"

A more cultivated listener might have been disgusted with the Judge's slang. Peter Tubbs was disgusted only with his heartlessness.

"Didn't she grieve over the separation, Judge?"

"Oh, yes. That was part of the programme, you see. She hired out at kitchen service here and there for a year or two, and supported herself and sent the children presents once in a while; but I'd never let her set eyes on them, and after a while they forgot her."

"But you're living together now, I hear."

"Oh, yes. It's deemed inconvenient, raising your young ones without a mother. Everybody else that does anything for them has to be hired, you know. Besides, I'd already vindicated my honor before the public by banishing her from home. She had no business, as my wife, to get herself talked about, you see. After I'd let the public know that I appreciated my own dignity, I was willing then to compromise with her."

"Was she willing to go back to you?"

"No," speaking slowly and with a peculiar emphasis. "But, you see, I knew the woman nature of the animal about her young ones, and I made the chickens peep for her. That fetched her. There's nothing humiliating that you can think of that a mother won't do for her children."

"I know it, Judge. But I confess that it looks like taking an unfair advantage

of a woman, after all, to tie her to you by such a process. I half wish I'd let 'Liza go to her mother with the whole kit of her young ones."

"Don't be a stony, Tubbs. Stand on your dignity as head of the family, and hold up for your rights."

"See here, Judge! Wasn't there some sort of a rather hard-story connected with your history once? I mean, didn't you have a bang in your forehead, didn't you fall in love with a pretty servant girl, and make your wife a good deal of trouble once?"

"I won't deny that I fell in love with the girl. How could a warm-hearted man help it, I'd like to know?"

"The neighbors gossip about it?"

"What did your wife say?"

"Nothing, particular. She cried and grew sick, and was as unreasonable as though she thought she'd married a saint, and had a right to expect him to live up to her ideal. She dismissed the servant, and did her own washing when she wasn't able, rather than have her 'round. She hadn't cost me a dollar for help for a whole year before I sent her off."

"Suppose, now, Judge, that she'd had the power to banish you from home and children, and throw you into disgrace, not because you were guilty, but because somebody had told her that you were—how would you have liked it?"

"That's a hose of another color, Peter Tubbs. There's no danger that women will ever get the upper hand of men like that."

"But, after all, Judge, it does seem to me as though what's sauce for the goose ought also to be sauce for the gander."

"And it's just such admissions as this on the part of lamb-hearted men that makes women ready to raise the dickens nowadays about their rights. You once let your wife get it into her head that you have a conscience about such things, and you can no more hope to manage her than if she was an untamed deer. If you keep women in their proper place, you've got to get the upper hand of 'em, and keep it."

"But the question is, how would you like it if the tables were turned?"

"But they're not turned, and not likely to be. Suppose we go up to your house, I'd like to select my room and get my valise brought over. You can send one of your boys after it."

Peter Tubbs hung his head. While it was true that in the first flush of victory he had invited the Judge to come to his house, his better nature revolted at the insult and wrong that would thus be heaped upon his wife.

"I've some good news for Mrs. Tubbs, Peter. And I'll set her all right by telling her of it when I get up to the house. You needn't hang your head; it's all right."

"What news have you to tell?"

"Wait and see. I'll tell her in your presence."

Mrs. Peter Tubbs was busy in the kitchen. Judge Hardpan entered unceremoniously and accosted her with a grossly familiar "good-morning."

Her hands were in the flour, and she was mixing bread. She raised herself to her fullest height and confronted him without speaking.

"Judge Hardpan, 'Liza," said her husband, tremulously.

"I have no desire to renew the acquaintance," she answered, haughtily.

"But I have good news for you, Mrs. Tubbs."

Involuntarily her thoughts flashed back to the long ago. Good news, to her mind, had always been associated in some mysterious way with John Ingleton—her John. She blushed deeply, and her eyes grew bright, while her heart beat painfully.

"Well?" she said, pausing with her hands in the sticky compound.

"Will you be civil if I tell you?"

"I am always civil, sir."

"Will you make me welcome here for a month if I tell you?"

"I am not purchasing information, sir."

"Then—hang it!—I'll tell you anyhow. Mrs. Hardine has made her will."

"Well, what of it?" she asked, nervously toggling away at her dough.

"What is that to me?"

"I'd say it was a good deal to you, seeing she's willed you the old homestead and ten thousand dollars in bank stock."

"Poor mother!" she ejaculated, fervently. "Her heart always was in the right place."

"When are we to take possession?" asked Peter, expectantly.

"Not till after the old lady's death. She's fearful headstrong, and is, I suppose, telling me that she'd listen to no body's advice about making her will. John Hardine, as mad as a March hare, over and over, has told her that she can't carry out her own wishes, and she says she'll do as she pleases; and she can't prove it. But there's no telling how these things will turn out."

"Who transacted the business?" asked Mrs. Tubbs.

"Is Sappington and a lawyer from Chemeketa. The old woman had her eyes pecked. She got medical experts to give her certificates of sanity, and managed it all very shrewdly. Sapp says it's an iron-clad will. I haven't seen it."

Mrs. Tubbs had been inwardly expecting that some such arrangement would

RUSSIAN WOMEN REVOLUTIONISTS

It is asserted by the *National Citizen* that Russia is to-day the country in which woman is most persecuted for political opinions. Since the time of the second Catherine, Russia has boasted feminine revolutionists. Catherine herself overthrew the Romanoff dynasty and seated herself—a native of Prussia—on the throne, where her descendants now rule. The Countess Dashkoff, her confidant and assistant, ruled at that time in male attire at the head of the famous Preobrajenski regiment, with pistols at her saddle-bow; and, though this woman general was then but eighteen years of age, to her tactics the success of that bloodless revolution was largely attributable. The object of those women was to establish another line of aristocracy; but to-day a revolution of a different character is in existence; its motto, *My Country and Liberty*. What grander battle-cry for freedom than this? "Country and Liberty." Thousands of people sighing for liberty have torn themselves from their native land and come to the United States in its search. But liberty here is not so great a liberty for women as some monarchial countries allow. Even in Russia woman holds her own property uncontrolled, and under certain circumstances casts a vote in its management. But the progressive women of Russia are not satisfied with this. They demand wider freedom of self-government. They ask land for the landless; freedom of the press; free speech; trial by jury; religious liberty and elected representatives. Women of the highest rank take part in these demands, and with many of them the bullet is used, because the ballot cannot be.

Vera Sassulitch, who shot Treppoff, the obnoxious Chief of Police, and whose whereabouts were for a long time unknown, made good her escape from Russia, and is now one of the active directors of the revolution, from its headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland. Vera's act was not one of private vengeance; she was the agent of the central body, the choice falling upon her by lot.

Olga Goureslavska, a young girl of Moscow, whose house was under surveillance, escaped by means of a balloon, descending in a field half a mile from the city, whence all traces of her were lost.

At an outbreak in Keiff, three young ladies of high birth took a leading part, a ball of the revolver of Olga Hoffavska killing a policeman during the melee. Of the two preliminary meetings held before this outbreak, one was composed entirely of women, among whom was the daughter of General Gershaloff, belonging to the highest official class of the empire. Another official was the Countess Panin, a student of the University, equally renowned for her studious habits, her remarkable beauty, and her republican ideas.

Praskowin Katschka, a girl of nineteen, handsome, prepossessing, and a member of a well-known noble family in the Witna District, shot a young nobleman in his own dining saloon. Like Vera Sassulitch, she was doubtless acting under orders, as this young nobleman had shortly before received a threatening letter from the Executive Committee of the Revolutionary Society. This organization is the most complex, secret and complete revolutionary society ever known. Its members, men and women, do not hesitate to sacrifice themselves in any way ordered, locating in remote parts of the Empire, taking upon themselves all manner of privations in order to propagate their ideas, or hazarding their lives with the coolness seen in case of these young girls.

Russia has for ages been a land of atrocities, until now a general insurrection prevails. Fearful crimes have brought forth fearful retribution; even the Winter Palace of the Czar was the scene recently of an attempt to destroy the whole imperial family. The licentiousness of this Court has usually equalled that of a Turkish seraglio. The present Czar is ruled by a Princess Dolgorok, of whom he became enamored several years since, thereby causing a rupture with his family. The ill-health and death of the Empress are traceable to this period of domestic trouble, for so infatuated was the Czar he wanted to bring up the child of himself and this woman in his own family, treating it as though the Empress was his mother. Could he have divorced the Empress, he would have married the Princess; but this could not be done without abdicating his throne. He fell into prostrations of fury when he found he could not take this step without losing his crown. The Countess Heroldoff, wife of one of the Masters of Ceremony of that Court, was recently banished for saying that in case of the death of the Empress, she doubted not the Czar would marry the Princess, whose wonderful control over him seemed to increase after his rupture with his family. It remains to be seen if the prediction was correct. While the Czarowitz inclined toward governmental reforms, the Princess Dolgorok-opposes them, and through her influence, it is said, the Czar has been induced to refrain from the promulgation of the new constitution, which was expected several months ago.

Those who fear and hate the revolutionists call them "Nihilists," as a term

of reproach—that is, believers in nothing. They themselves have adopted the name of the "Russian National Secret Society." The Countess Pauli, lady in waiting to the Czarina, was banished to Archangel in February, being charged with Nihilism. Women revolutionists are shown no more mercy than men by the Government. The knout, the gibbet, the still more horrible banishment to the mines of Siberia, fall to their lot. Women have died from the floggings inflicted upon them by the terrible knout. In a Government attack upon a secret printing office, four young girls were killed, and Nathalie Gortschakoff, niece to the Chancellor of the Empire, was first publicly knouted and then gibbeted. Many have been banished to hard labor in the mines, which means confinement far under ground in a place of damp, fetid atmosphere, where not a ray of sunlight ever enters, and whose barred doors are under charge of Cossacks, not speaking Russian. No day of rest ever comes in this horrid prison-house, but twelve hours' labor with a pick is each day demanded. Sunday is unknown, and only upon Easter and the Czar's birthday is a moment's cessation given while life lasts.

And yet, so dear is liberty to the heart of woman, that thousands of high-born, wealthy and noble young ladies, those of the fairest prospects, hazard such results as these to obtain freedom. That Russian women should die that liberty may come to their country, is the more remarkable because of the utter contempt in which women of the Slavonic races are held. "God remembers all the world but the Slavonian woman," is a woman's proverb. "A woman has no more sense than a hen has teeth," is a proverb applied to them. Until the time of Peter, women were held to possess no souls, and were not counted in the population of the Empire. The ancient Slavs considered woman a malign incarnation of evil. The Tartars look upon her but as an instrument of their pleasure, "made for them," as our Christian brethren express the same idea.

Left to fight their own battles, these Slavonic and Tartar women are fighting them well, even their worst oppressors seeking their aid in gaining freedom for themselves.

"Country and Liberty," means to the Russian woman freedom for her sex equally as well as for man, and that she end she gives her own liberty, her life, and all she holds most dear. The world has seen no more noble devotion to liberty than that of the Russian women of to-day.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, May 21, 1880.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: Notwithstanding the social interregnum of this period of the year, we have had one or two mild sensations. Robt. G. Ingersoll delivered a tremendous lecture against the Christian religion in a lecture at Booth's Theater on Sunday last. His subject was "The Gods." His arguments were old, but his language and method of delivery were taking—as much so that some well-intentioned person set a man at the door to distribute New Testaments gratis to the audience as they came out, with some gentle notice of counteracting the dire effects of the lecture.

The despised tool of the Society for the Prevention of Crime has caused a gentle ripple by his notification to book-sellers in the city that the very wretched translation of Zola's "Nana" must no longer be offered for sale. It is an admirable advertisement of a very disgusting book, of which about 40,000 had been sold before Constock's interference. Had he let it alone, the sale would soon have ceased at any rate, for it is the most wearisome filth that can be imagined.

The long list of suicides continues in the most unaccountable manner, and the methods of shutting off this mortal coil are as varied as the alleged causes which lead to the act. If good, vigorous punishments were imposed upon the nuisances who thus undertake to shock the nerves of the community, and are not successful, one of two things would happen—either they would kill themselves dead or the number of suicides would materially diminish.

That highly aristocratic institution, the Colon Club, held its annual meeting on Wednesday night for the election of governors and the transaction of other business. For the first time in its history, no meeting could be held for want of a quorum. A special meeting will be called. The club is prosperous financially, and has a tremendous list of candidates waiting for vacancies. The gross income last year was about \$250,000. Another prosperous club is the new University Club, which sprang into existence last year, and already numbers nearly 700 members. These gentlemen, in the intervals between quoting the classics to each other and working out problems in conic sections, appear to have a very pleasant time, judge by the snug little sum disbursed, according to their annual statement, for the b-r. Another highly aristocratic institution is the Coaching Club, which is to have its annual parade on Saturday next. The turnout of coaches is to be larger than usual, and the amateur coachmen are brushing up their abso-

bottle-green uniforms, which make them look like their own footmen.

The loss of life and property at the late terrible accident at Madison Square Garden is likely to be compensated for without any appeal to the courts. It is understood that a settlement for the pictures destroyed has already been made, but whether the human sufferers and survivors have yet been settled with is not known.

Charity for the Fallen.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

How forcibly do these simple words of Jesus portray the charity for a fallen woman! but how different the charity of men and women professing the same religion! When a woman falls a victim to man's evil persuasions, it is the custom of all Christian people to look upon her as a thing that was defiled, and to accept it to be to point the finger of scorn at and call vile names; and yet, if we possessed one spark of the charity of Jesus, the worst accusation that we would feel justified in making is that she was very weak; and in many instances, could we know all the circumstances and realize the power of the tempter, and the arts and devices used to deceive and lead astray, and how long and cunningly the strayer has pursued his victim, our censures might be turned to admiration for the strength that resisted so long.

But we only see the fall; God alone sees the conflict, and He only is competent to judge; He alone knows how to draw the line between sin and shame, and the temptations too strong for our resistance. Were we permitted to read one chapter in the pre-natal existence of many persons, and know the traits of character bequeathed to them by their parents; how they were endowed with propensities that were so indelibly stamped into their existence that they cannot be eradicated by any teaching and influence in after years, together with weakness and indiscretion that were never taught to bow in submission to principle, we would pity the poor helpless creatures thus born with an armor of protection, for they are destined to become an easy prey to the flattery and temptation of unprincipled men.

Parents, if you have an erring daughter who would turn from the protection of your home and love, look back to the time before that child was cast upon the great sea of human trial, and see if a remembrance of your former services cannot arouse within you feelings of charity and pity for one you sent into the world to battle with its temptations with no shield, and then perhaps you may be able to say, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

I know that such arguments and such charity as I would urge in behalf of a sister who has stumbled from the pleasant path of virtue, while she injures many with the tainted reply that "you are as bad as she, or you would not have so much charity." Yet who would think of casting reproaches upon the purity of Jesus because of his charity? The virtuous man, who is not a sinner, and who is in his love of virtue that would prompt them to reclaim with kindness those who have forsaken its path. I might plead the same excuse for men that I have pleaded for women, who are sinners, but I plead for women; who are sinners against so much more than they sin. Society supports and smiles upon men, while it injures women, who are sinners, but who are not so much as men. The wickedness of a man who pursues a woman to her ruin is only winked at by society, while the woman may plead with misery—may wash out her sin by night with bitter tears of repentance, and walk the earth by day beneath the crushing sense of shame and humiliation; but that will avail nothing. Society will not speak the words of Jesus; it only turns its reproachfully and says, "You have sinned once, that is sufficient; there is no help for you now, no hope, only to go down to deeper degradation and eternal misery." But who is to blame for this state of things? Women hereafter! Women, remember that you are a part of that society that would scorn you should you fall. Be not you the one to crush your fallen sister; do not draw your unattractive garments around you with such an air of superiority, but ever think, "You might have fallen as low as she, had you been tempted equally." And you may yet see the time when you can say, "She has but stumbled in the path that I in weakness tread." No human being can be frozen back to a life of virtue more effectively than they can be drawn back by kindness and true charity. Few hearts are so instantly changed that they cannot be reformed by the power of love.—*Oliver Branch, in Woman's Exponent.*

Miss Florence Doty, a banker's daughter in Buffalo, recently had a thrilling adventure. She was walking along Delaware avenue, and when near Tupper street noticed a well-dressed and spruce-looking young man coming toward her. As he approached he gradually swerved from a straight line, until their meeting and passing would naturally bring them close together. She carried in her hand an elegant velvet purse trimmed with silver and surmounted by a handle. As the two met, the man suddenly seized hold of her purse and made a violent effort to wrest it from her. The bold thief seemed determined to get the money at all hazards, and continued to pull and jerk the purse. But Miss Doty showed no signs of alarm or the contents. She grasped the purse with a firmness and coolness remarkable under the circumstances. At last the purse flew open and bank-notes and coin fell upon the sidewalk. At this the bold operator let go, darted up Tupper street and was soon lost to view. Miss Doty watches him until he got out of sight; then she picked up her money and went home. This is the second adventure of the sort which she has had.

Queen Victoria is a good amateur draughtsman, and reproductions of some of her sketches will soon appear. They will be accompanied by reproductions of some of Prince Albert's "pictorial expressions."

Whyman, the Alpine climber, has reached the summit of Chimborazo, the first man to so honor the peak.

"A good girl to cook," is still advertised for.